EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

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Select Poetry.

A SONG TO MAY.

BY J. B. HAYNE.

Old Winter's gone—and woodlands round,
Their blossom tresses fling;
And voices sweet in music's sound,
Proclaim a joyous spring.
Each herald bore a wreath of green,
Then faded fast away,
But dearest, brightest that has been,
Is that of early May!
Then strike the Harp—let gentle song,
In airy numbers play,
A floral theme, and loud and long,
We'll chorus still to May!

Awake the lute—awhile farewell,
To sadness and to wo;
We'll wander in the flow'ry dell,
Where sparkling waters flow.
Strange accents whisper in the gale,
Hark! Hark! the zephyrs lay,
Be fairest now, thou changing vale,
For O 'tis early May!
Then strike the Harp, &c.

Our skies are bright—the storms are gone,
Our hearts are sad no more;
As gayly by the lake we throng,
To tell some legion o'er.
And maidens fair, like flow'rs that live,
But for a season gay,
The richest smiles they ever give,
Are those in early May!
Then strike the Harp, &c.

When hopes are bright and young hearts breathe
The dreams of purpose high;
'Tis when the flow'ring streamers wreathe
Their ensigns in the sky.
O cheer to life, 'tis natures boon,
Each season hath its day,
Of toil and rest, of night and noon,
But now, 'tis blushing May!
Then strike the Harp, &c.

We'll pluck the rose and lilly white,
The wild and sweet jessamine,
And to the May queen of the night
A chaplet crown entwine.
Then strike the Harp—let gentle song,
In airy numbers play,
A floral theme, and loud and long,
We'll chorus still to May!
Then strike the Harp, &c.

An Original Story.

Written for the Advertiser.

LILLY WILSON,
OR THE
ORPHAN'S PATRIMONY.

BY RUTH.

Lilly Wilson was an orphan, having lost both parents from Cholera, in the summer of 1832, when that dreadful disease raged so fearfully throughout the entire State of New York, and many other States of the Union.

Lilly was nine years old when her parents died. Two brothers and a sister had died a few weeks previous, from the same terrible malady, leaving the little Lilly without a near relative this side of the Atlantic, as both her father and mother were of English parentage, having married and removed to this country in 1821. Hiram Wilson, the father of Lilly, was a physician, and had come to America because he prefered the Government of our Union to the monarchy of England. So choosing for himself a wife, in order, as he said, "to make sure of one disinterested friend," he came to New York, anticipating a long, happy, and useful life; but after eleven short years of usefulness and enjoyment, he passed away from earth, carrying with him his dear and beloved Eliza—the partner of his many joys, and few sorrows. In life they were united, and in death they were not divided.

After the business of the estate was settled, the property of Hiram Wilson amounted to just two thousand dollars, the interest of which was to be appropriated to the support and education of the little orphan.

The child, now left to the purchased kindness and unloving care of strangers, was indeed most desolate. No wonder then that she "mourned as one without hope," for she was a delicate child, had but little property, and was but illy suited to battle with the troubles and trials of life. After the death of her father, a brother practitioner of his, a Dr. Ostram, offered the orphan a home in his family, saying "that he would do the best he could for her with her limited means."

So Lilly was removed from the pretty dwelling in Bleecker Street, to the residence of Dr. Ostram in East Broadway. How this lone child felt, only they who have been left motherless can know. My own joyless childhood has taught me the deepest commiseration and sympathy for those deprived in infancy of their parents.

Dr. Ostram had two daughters, Emily and Jane, now nearly grown—Emily being sixteen, and Jane thirteen years of age. Neither of them possessed any great amount of character; or, in other words, they were what might be called commonplace; though their father afforded them every opportunity for improvement that wealth could command.

Mrs. Ostram, or rather Mrs. Dr. Ostram, (as she always signed her name,) was a lady of tolerably good education, and rather quick perception, but she too was commonplace. I have heard it said, that, as a general rule, children are more apt to take their mental qualifications from the mother than the father; and if such really is the case, Dr. Ostram's family were no exception to the common rule. Now Mrs. Ostram was not intentionally unkind and cruel, but she did not like the child brought so unceremoniously in to her family, and this she let the little orphan know every hour of every day.

How true it is that life is made up of little things—little trials, little troubles, little grievances and wrongs render a lifetime miserable; while little pleasures and joys, make every day a happy history in itself. Though generally, we find our trials and grievances, our joys and pleasures so mingled that each day is likely to bring to us a share of both. Such is life.

The Doctor had risen to prominence in his profession, through the most untiring perseverance, having begun life as an errand boy in a drug store. He was a kind hearted man, and really loved the little orphan, but was so much afraid of his wife that he scarcely ever ventured to speak a kind word to the child in her presence. Poor Lilly learned the hard lesson of loneliness, and dependence, for Mrs. Ostram always spoke of her as though she were a bounty servant, and a constant drain upon the resources of her husband. Any one to hear her speak of Lilly would have supposed that the child had been left without a cent in the world, and was being educated at the sole expense of Dr. Ostram—When, in fact, the money was drawing ten per cent interest, and Lilly's board bills were settled as regularly as they came due.

Lilly was sent to school, but not to the same Institution that the Misses Ostram attended. They were attending the Kutgar's Institute, while little Lilly was sent to a school of lesser note, taught by a poor widow. Indeed Mrs. Ostram said that "the child ought to have been sent to a free school," but to this the Doctor would not agree,—so Lilly was sent to school to Mrs. Lester who earned a scanty living by teaching. Lilly improved wonderfully under the tuition of Mrs. Lester, who was a most estimable lady, and well qualified to teach—possessing as she did the happy faculty of imparting knowledge to her pupils. The little orphan loved her teacher dearly, and the happiest hours of her life were passed in school.

There was a young man, a student of medicine boarding at Dr. Ostram's. Edgar Harold was kind-hearted and sympathising, lively and entertaining; always had some pleasant story to tell, or some interesting incident to relate. Then too he was the possessor of a large property in his own right, (his father being dead) and was considered by Mrs. Ostram as being a very 'eligible match.' So she advised Emily to make herself as agreeable as possible, and above all not to offend Mr. Harold; "for" said Mrs. Ostram, "it is true you are but sixteen now, but you must remember you cannot always stay sixteen; and if you dont marry, why you will get to be an old maid after a while, and then no one will want you. So keep your eyes open, and remember it is just as easy to like a rich man as a poor one." And this Mrs. Ostram considered very sage advice. She wished her daughters to marry—rich if they could; if they could not marry rich, then they must marry poor—for marry they must. She had a great horror of old maids, having very narrowly escaped being one herself, as she had seen her thirty-seventh birth-day before she became Mrs. Ostram, and she determined that her girls should accept the first good offer. To use her own words, "she wanted them off her hands."

Four years had passed since Lilly Wilson first entered the family of Dr. Ostram. They had been years of trial and persecution to the orphan, years of threats and reproaches, but not wholy devoid of sunshine; for Lilly had gone regularly to school to Mrs. Lester, and now, at the age of thirteen, was a more thorough scholar than either of the Misses Ostram, though both Emily and Jane had now left school, and were waiting most anxiously for a chance of marrying. Both had set their hearts on Mr. Harold—had quarrelled over him by the hour,—had nearly come to blows on several occasions, and were after all as far from being married as ever; for Mr. Harold had never even hinted at an offer to either of them, and never for a moment imagined himself to be an object of so much interest.

So the daughters quarrelled, the mother planned and plotted, and Lilly sat quietly in the front basement, and studied her lessons, or repaired her wardrobe. The family took but little notice of her. She was never allowed to go into the drawing room when visitors called; roomed with the seamstress, and was shown off to every one in the light of a bounty servant. Very few of her acquaintances knew that she possessed a cent in the world, for Mrs. Ostram was always harping on the expense she had been to them; and that lady invariably turned up her nose whenever Lilly was spoken of as being "very pretty,"—though pretty was not the right word. A great many girls are pretty, but Lilly Wilson was beautiful,—wonderfully beautiful. I dont believe there ever was another just like her. We generally hear two styles of beauty spoken of, blonde and brunett; but I think there should be a third style, and that should be called brilliant. Of this style was Lilly Wilson. Her hair was only one shade removed from black,—a complexion of most dazzling whiteness, while the fresh peach-bloom colour tinged the lovely cheeks, and her eyes were of the wild bright blue of the black birds egg. Tall and slender, but most exquisitely formed, with neck, throat and arms, that would have graced a throne. And though but thirteen she looked and appeared much older.

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Another year of persecution and scorn, taunts and jeers; another year of choking grief and uncomplaining struggles, and the orphan stood upon the threshold of her fourteenth birthday, more beautiful than ever. Emily Ostram was now twenty-one, Jane eighteen, and though much against their inclination, they were still the Misses Ostram.

Edgar Harold was still an inmate of Dr. Ostram's family, but expecting to leave very shortly. He had always felt deeply interested in the orphan, had always known exactly how she had been and still was treated in the family, and did not suppose from her treatment by the Ostrams that she had as much as a dollar of her own. Now two thousand dollars is not much it is true, but then it is sufficient if properly invested, to support a child in a private family. Mr. Harold longed to offer her his heart, and a home, but thought her too young as yet—and determined within himself that when she had attained her sixteenth year, and he had gained a run of practice, he would tell her how essential she was to his happiness and solicit her to become his wife.

Harry Clinton was an old friend, both of Dr. Ostram and Edgar Harold, a College chum of the latter, and a very distant relation of the Doctor. Harry had been travelling in Europe for the last five years, and had consequently never been at Dr. Ostram's since Lilly had been making her home there. Both Dr. Ostram and Edgar had corresponded with him while in Europe, but neither of them had mentioned the addition to the Doctor's family, probably neither of them happened to be thinking of Lilly while writing. So when Harry returned from Europe, in the April of 1837, he did not expect to meet any other young lady at the Doctor's than his two daughters. The family were expecting him, and Edgar went down to the Steamer to meet and bring him home, as it had been settled beforehand that he should stay there while he remained in New York.

Mrs. Ostram advised her daughters to look sharp, and play their cards well, and perhaps one of them might change their name for that of Clinton. She was still in hopes that Edgar might propose to one of them. If she could have looked into his heart for one moment, she would have seen how utterly useless was all her manœuvring, for Edgar Harold idolized Lilly Wilson. Jane was decidedly superior to her sister, both in personal appearance and mental qualifications; was a very nice looking girl, though not handsome. With proper training she might have been a very amiable woman, and useful member of society, but her mother had crushed every good and amiable quality by her mismanagement; and by constantly telling them that they would be certain to be old maids, had made them so anxious to secure the attention of gentlemen, that, when in company, they always appeared restless and fidgety, and consequently to the greatest disadvantage. Gentlemen are not fond of ladies who appear anxious for attention.

Well, it was in April, as I said before, on a Saturday. Harry Clinton was expected to dinner. Dr. Ostram and Edgar had gone down in John Street, to the Doctor's office; the Steamer was expected to arrive at twelve; Edgar was to meet Harry at the pier; they would then call at the office for the Doctor, and they would all come up to the house together. Mrs. Ostram, her two daughters, and Lilly were seated in the library. It was now eleven o'clock. Emily and Jane were trying to decide what they should wear as dinner costume that day—Mrs. Ostram was listlessly turning over the leaves of a book of prints, and Lilly was sitting on a low ottoman winding cruel for a piece of worsted work, when suddenly the door opened and in walked Edgar Harold, and Harry Clinton. A more astonished group than arose at their entrance can scarcely be imagined. Mrs. Ostram threw down her book exclaiming, "my gracious! how astonished I am. Why did you not ring the bell?" The girls pretended that it was a "delightful surprise," though in reality they were any thing but pleased at being caught in their morning dresses.

After the usual salutations had been passed, Mr. Clinton, in turning to take a chair offered him by Edgar, caught sight of Lilly, who had risen on their entrance, and now remained standing in painful embarrassment. Edgar perceived Harry's glance and immediately introduced her as "Miss Wilson." The girls looked angry, and Mrs. Ostram said, "Lilly, take your work, and go down in the basement, that is the most proper place." Lilly arose, covered with blushes, and quietly left the room. Poor orphaned Lilly! What wonder is it that you should have wished at times, to lay your weary head and aching heart, beside the loved and lost, in the quiet grave-yard. But it was not so to be. You still had much to suffer, and must live on.

Mr. Clinton supposed from Mrs. Ostram's treatment of the young girl he had been introduced to as Miss Wilson, that she must be a servant, and was rather astonished to see her take her place at the dinner table, though she had not been absent from his mind since she left the library. When ordered by Mrs. Ostram to "go down to the basement," he thought, "well, if that girl occupies an inferior social position here, it is a great misfortune; for a more lovely lady I have never seen." He could not help looking at her; while at dinner his eyes would wander over to her face in spite of all he could do to prevent them. He had seen women of almost all nations in his travels, but never had he seen one to compare with Lilly Wilson. Mrs. Ostram watched him closely, and had perception enough to see that her daughters had a rival. Now her hate towards the unoffending Lilly knew no bounds; to think that, this child, without wealth or position, should attract more attention than her daughters, was more than she could submit to.

That night after the two young men had retired to their room, Harry enquired of Edgar who "Miss Wilson was," and on being told that she was an orphan whom Dr. Ostram had taken from charitable motives, remarked "well, I am truly sorry for that poor girl if she eats the bread of charity in this house, for bitter indeed must she find it. Why, did you see the look Mrs. Ostram gave her as she ordered her down to the basement to-day, when you introduced me?"

"Look! Why that was a mere nothing. If you could only hear Mrs. Ostram and the girls abuse her sometimes, you would think that, at the very least, she had defrauded them out of their last penny. Poor girl! I am sorry for her, and am determined that this state of things shall not last much longer. She is as far above them as it is possible for one woman to be above another, and they know it. That is one reason of their hating her so intensely; another reason is, because she is so beautiful. They cannot forgive her for being so much superior to them."

"Yes, she is a magnificent looking girl, and would adorn any circle. What eyes she has! And what a brilliant complexion! And how she blushed when Mrs. Ostram spoke so roughly to her. I dont think she can be of low parentage."

"Low parentage! Why her father was a physician in good standing, and her mother a most perfect lady I am told. I am inclined to think that she is entitled to both her good looks and fine mental capacity. She is a fine scholar I can assure you. Few girls can surpass her in the essential branches of education.

The young men now retired, and the conversation ended.

Dr. Ostram was a member of the Baptist Tabernacle in Mulberry Street, and his family attended that Church, though none, except the Doctor, were members. Lilly's parents had been Episcopalians and the child had always clung tenaciously to her church. Mrs. Lester was a communicant at St. Thomas' and a member of the choir, and Lilly's chief satisfaction was to sit with her teacher, in the choir at the St. Thomas. The Sabbath was always a welcome day to the orphan who generally went twice to church, and spent the remainder of the day in her room. Mrs. Ostram had told her that it did not make much difference where she stayed so that she kept out of sight; so Lilly seldom made her appearance with the family on Sunday except at meals.

Mr. Clinton having ascertained that Lilly was not a menial determined to treat her as an equal, and with proper respect at all hazards. The morning after his arrival, at breakfast, he asked her what Church she attended? She replied "St. Thomas's." "Ah! you are an Episcopalian, I see! I too have been brought up to attend the Episcopal church, so, with your permission I will accompany you this morning to St. Thomas." Lilly replied "thank you," with evident embarrassment, for raising her eyes she saw Mrs. Ostram looking at her, and if a look could kill, Lilly had ended her being on the spot—so full was Mrs. Ostram's glance of annihilation. Harry Clinton saw the glance of venom and hatred directed toward Lilly, but appearing not to notice it, continued by asking her if she could sing? "Very little," was the answer. Then their conversation was broken off, as Mrs. Ostram commenced talking of the alteration and improvement of the Baptist Tabernacle, and that she should be delighted to have Mr. Clinton go and judge for himself. Probably he had better go with them that morning, as Lilly sat with her teacher at St. Thomas', in the choir, he would not be likely to find it very pleasant.

Mr. Clinton excused himself, saying that some other time he should be delighted to do so, but that he considered himself engaged to attend Miss Wilson this morning. By this time breakfast was at an end and Lilly went directly to her own room, where Mrs. Ostram followed her, and commenced a tirade of abuse that would scarcely bear repeating, calling her an "ungrateful imp—a combination of art and deceit," and much more in the same spirit. She then flounced out of the room leaving poor Lilly in tears and undecided how to act. Dr. Ostram knew that a storm was brewing when his wife left the breakfast table, and watched her movements accordingly; saw her go to Lilly's room, and from there to her own chamber, so he sent for Lilly to come down to his library, and told her that he was sorry that Mrs. Ostram had hurt her feelings, and that she must not mind it, but get ready for church, as Mr. Clinton was waiting for her in the drawing room.

Mr. Clinton walked with Lilly to the church of St. Thomas, sat with her in the choir, and after Church was introduced to Mrs. Lester, who walked with them as far as her own residence, and invited them to walk in and take dinner with her, which invitation they declined from fear of Mrs. Ostram. That lady did not go to church, but remained in her own room too indignant to speak to any one.

Lilly did not come to dinner, sending word that she had a violent headache, which the Doctor felt certain was only an excuse to keep from meeting his wife and daughters. He therefore ordered a servant privately, to carry Miss Lilly's dinner to her room, and tell her that he sent it.

Things went on this way for nearly three months, and in all that time Mrs. Ostram's indignation never abated one jot—if any thing it increased. Lilly tried to avoid Mr. Clinton as much as possible, knowing how angry it made Mrs. Ostram for him to take the least notice of her. The girls were more abusive than their mother. Emily never vouch-safed her a kind word. Jane was better hearted, and at times felt sorry for the orphan, who did not appear to have a friend on earth; but then she could not bear to think that Lilly attracted so much more attention than herself.

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It was now the month of July: almost every family of standing were leaving the city, either for their country seats, or some watering place. Mr. Clinton was expecting to return to Europe in a week or two, as he had business there which demanded his attention—affirming that he had already stayed away too long. Edgar Harold was about to commence the practice of medicine on his own responsibility, but at the earnest solicitation of Dr. Ostram, accepted a partnership with that gentleman, who assured him that he required a partner, as he was getting old and could not possibly attend to all his calls. Accordinly the office sign was change for one bearing the inscription of "Dr's. Ostram & Harold."

It was about the middle of July that Mrs. Ostram told her husband that she thought they had better carry the girls to some fashionable place of resort, to stay until the middle of September, for said she, "I see very plainly that there is no possible chance of their marrying here, while that designing and ungrateful girl is in the house; and it is my firm belief that Edgar would have proposed for Jane long ago if it had not been for her; and now she is standing between Emily and Mr. Clinton. If I had my way I would turn her into the street; she should not stay in my house another hour: I have always cursed the day that you brought her here."

Dr. Ostram told his wife, that he was perfectly willing for her to take the girls wherever she thought best, and to do precisely as she pleased concerning them; to select a place to suit herself and them; and he would invite Edgar to join the party, and would go himself too if he could possibly leave. Mrs. Ostram was appeased for the present, and immediately commenced making arrangements for the trip. The Doctor knew it was of no use to oppose his wife. He gave her as much money as she wished and told her to make choice of a place in order that he might write in time to engage rooms.

A few days after this, Dr. Ostram was sitting in the library, when Mrs. Ostram entered ordering a servant, who was in the passage, to tell Lilly to come to the library. In a few moments Lilly entered. Mrs. Ostram told her that she wished her to assist in making up the young ladies dresses, as she expected to leave Town with them in a very short time, and as they would require a considerable number of dresses, Gales, the seamstress, would not be able to get through without assistance. Lilly was perfectly willing to assist to the extent of her knowledge; had done so on several previous occasions. She looked attentively at Mrs. Ostram, and fancying that she looked less harsh than usual, was emboldened to ask, "Can I go and stay with Mrs. Lester during your absence?"

Mrs. Ostram was in a rage in a moment, and exclaimed, "There Dr. Ostram, you hear that! There is gratitude for you! What did I tell you? Now I hope you see for yourself what a base, ungrateful wretch she is. Because we are going to leave Town she wants to go and stay with Mrs. Lester. No, miss, you will not stay with Mrs. Lester. You will stay here, and see that the servants attend to their business; and have the house cleaned and in proper order to receive us on our return—that's what you will do, or I'm mistaken. Now take this work down to the basement and commence it at once, for you are as slow as it is possible for any one to be."

Lilly took the piece of work thrown at her by Mrs. Ostram, and went sorrowfully down to the front drawing room and had unintentionally heard what passed in the library. He could endure it no longer, but leaving the drawing room very quietly, went down to the basement. There sat Lilly sewing very industriously, but her face was much flushed, and her hand trembled so that she could scarcely guide her needle. He sat down beside her, and for a moment did not speak. Presently he said, "Lilly, you are not happy here."

The beautifully formed chin quivered, the coral lip twitched convulsively, but no answer came.

"Lilly do you dislike me?" A scarcely perceptible shake of the head was the only indication that she had heard his question. He then went on: "I have a proposition to make to you. I love you and wish to marry you. I cannot go away and leave you here. I am obliged to return to Europe in a very short time. Say that you will marry me, and I promise, that while life lasts, I will do all in my power to render you comfortable and happy. Answer me quickly, Lilly, before any one comes in to interfere with our conversation—Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," came faintly and indistinctly, but loud enough for Harry to hear.

"Bless you, Lilly! Bless you, darling! You shall yet be happy and forget all this. I will go at once to the library and tell them of my determination." And without waiting for an answer, he left the room.

I will not tire you, reader, by telling you of Dr. Ostram's astonishment and Mrs. Ostram's rage; of Edgar Harold's disappointment, or the mortification of Emily and Jane. Mr. Clinton and Lilly were married at the residence of a clergyman on the 20th of July 1837. Dr. Ostram gave away the bride, and insisted that they should make his house their home until their departure. Mr. Clinton excused himself by saying that he had business to attend to in New Haven, and would be obliged to leave immediately for that place. So they bid Dr. Ostram good bye and started for New Haven, where they remained two weeks and then took passage for Europe.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Wonderful Woman.—There is a woman named Hayes, in New York State, in the neighborhood, we believe, of Skaneatles who lived a whole year wholly on dried raspberry juice; the next year on a small quantity of cold water; and now, for nearly a year, she has neither ate or drank anything! Still more wonderful than that—she has been known to live as many as *sixty-two minutes at a time*, without breathing!! Though it is supposed that she is nourished by the atmosphere, her vitality is certainly extraordinary, and fully equal to that of a toad imbedded in a rock.

A little boy, at his father's funeral, observed a child of one of the neighbors crying bitterly, doubtless in sympathy with his little friend. This roused the orphan boy, who exclaimed, "You needn't cry; this ain't none of your funerals!"

A man noted for imperturbability and a scolding wife was stopped in the woods one night by a pretended ghost. He only said:

"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take supper with me—*I married your sister.*

Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan out of a pine log, with an axe and augur, and Lewis Cass was rocked by his staid mother in a second-hand sugar trough.

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

BY AMINIDAB STIGGINS.

The clock struck ten; I seized my hat
And bade good night to all,
Except the lass I courted, who
Came with me through the hall.

She stood within the portal,
And I gazed upon her charms,
And oh! I longed that moment
To clasp her in my arms.

She spoke about the moon and stars,
How clear and bright they shone:
I said I thought the crops would fail,
Unless we had rain soon.

Then I edged a little closer,
Put my arms around her waist,
And gazed upon those rosy lips,
I longed so much to taste.

Said I, "my dearest Susy,
I'll never rest contented—
If I leave to-night without a kiss,
I'll surely grow demented."

Then up she turned her rosy mouth,
And everything was handy,
Quick from her lips I seized a kiss—
Oh, Yankee Doodle Dandy!

Then off for home I started,
I could no longer stay,
With a light heart and breeches thin,
I whistled all the way.

Hence, learn this truth, each bashful youth,
Who seek for wedded bliss,
No lass will love until you move
Her feelings with a kiss.

AN ARTICLE FOR OUR LADY READERS.

We find the following in the Lafourche (La.) *Union*,—but can't tell whether it is original there, or not. No matter,—it is a capital article, and should be read by every lady in the land:

HOW TO PRESERVE WOMEN.

There is nothing in the world that we think so much of as we do women. Our mother is a woman—wife, sisters, pretty cousins, are women; and the daughters will be if (Heaven spare them!) they live long enough. And then there is a love of women in general which we do not deny. A fine, magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health, ripe red cheek, and flushing eye, is something that does one good to look at as she illuminates the humdrum sidewalks and every day streets. A North River Steamer under full headway, with colors flying is rather a pretty sight,—rather stirring and inspiring; and we pull up our tired nag to see her pass and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively, however, the steamer sinks into insignificance, or some other very deep water, by the side of a well kept, well dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are the ornament, charm, blessing, beauty and bliss of life, —(men's life, we mean, of course.) And means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. You cannot pickle them. You cannot do them up in sugar and set them in a cold room, with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them up in cans and seal them up air tight, without injuring their form and flavor. Now, as men are so dependent upon women for life's choicest blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an unfallible receipt.

Have the feet well protected, then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impressions made upon these organs through the skin, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell—at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connections of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it, for the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, more or less charged with gasses envolved by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air tight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shiver come on during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but feeds the flower. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is almost necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferrble, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.

Thus much in regard to the physical means for preservation. There are moral means no less important. Every woman should be married to an excellant man. Marriage, it is true brings care and wear, but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still and unwound that gets out of order. The sweet sympathies envolved in the relations of the family, the new energies developed by new responsibilities, the new compensation for all outlays of strength, brings about a delightful play of the heart and intellect which, in their reaction upon the body, produces an effect that is nothing less than preservation. Then, there is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly and honestly. No one is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life, who has in the heart no place for religion. The calmness, the patience, and the joy and hope that are in possession of that woman whose heart is right in its highest relation, can never fail to preserve and heighten every personal power and charm that she possesses.

There! you have the receipt. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is not the less sober truth. It has within it the cure for many a disease—the preventive for more. It might be made longer; but when we see its prescriptions universally adopted, it will be time to bring forward the remainder.

Eat Plenty of Fat Meat.—In a late number of the *Scalpel* in an article on "Diet," Dr. Dixon, in assuming the position that "the use of oil would decrease the victims of consumption nine-tenths, and that is the whole secret of the use of cod liver oil," quotes the following summary observations on this subject, made by Dr. Hooker:

1. Of all the persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years, more than one fifth eat no fat meat.

2. Of persons at the age of forty-five, all, excepting less than one in fifty, habitually use fat meat.

3. Of persons who, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two, avoid fat meat, a few acquires an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while the greater portion die with phthisis before thirty-five.

4. Of persons dying with phthisic, between the ages of twelve and forty-five, nine-tenths, at least, have never used fat meat.

Most individuals who avoid fat meat, also use little butter or only gravies, though many compensate for this want, in part at least, by a free use of those articles, and also milk, eggs and various saccharine substances. But they constitute an imperfect substitute for fat meat, without which sooner or later the body is almost sure to show the effects of deficient clarification.

One can judge of the Englishman's fondness for dogs and horses by seeing the almost fabulous prices that "hounds and hunters" sell for when an old establishment is broken up by a death or a bankruptcy. The "Old Berkshire Hounds," and the "hunters" (horses of the establishment)—the property of Mr. James Morrell, were lately sold under the hammer. The hounds brought £2600 ($13,000), 176 in number, or over seventy dollars a piece. Some choice ones sold in lots of four couples at 200 guineas (over $1000) each lot. One favorite animal for breeding, brought fifty guineas. These last were all purchased by the Duke of Beaufort. The hunters brought from 65 to 280 guineas each; all the 32 animals, £3600, an average of over $560 each.

England and France.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writing of the ticklish condition of European politics, after noting various evidences of discontent in Italy and elsewhere, says:

The position of France and England is also unsatisfactory, for not only the alliance is in the same weakened condition, but the occupation of the island of Perim by England is looked upon as a violation of existing treaties, which the interests of France and Russia require them to resist with energy. Marshal Pelissier leaves this week for London, and the papers say "the alliance depends upon the reception he and the *proposition he carries* meet."

There is a rumor afloat that all the Generals, especially those of the engineering corps, who served in the Crimea, "will avail themselves of the opportunity to present their homage to the Queen." If they do go to England, it is merely to make a military reconnoissance with that perfidy habitual to this race under the guise of a friendly visit. Marshal Pelissier is not only accompanied by the usual legation, but he is attended with his staff, ordinance officers, and aids-de-camp. All this looks disagreeable.

Newspapers a Widow's Right.—A Vermont Judge of Probate has incorporated it as a part of the law of his court, that the administrator of an estate must allow the widow the cost of a newspaper, she making her own selection, from the common fund. The common law of America now recognises the newspaper as a family and individual necessity. It is classed with pigs and potatoes, cashmere and calico, a thing to be exempted—like the family Bible—never to suffer from rapacious creditors, never to be parted with in the direst poverty.

The Mormons.—The Mormons claim to have 480,000 members of their Church scattered over the world. They have 95 missionaries in Europe, and an equal number in Africa, Asia and the Pacific Islands. They have one paper in Salt Lake City, issuing 4,000 copies every week; one in Liverpool, issuing 22,000 weekly; one in Swansey, South Wales, one in Copenhagen, in the Danish language; one in India; one in Switzerland, in the French language. The "Book of Mormons" has been translated and published in the Welch, Danish, French, German and Italian language.

The Crevasse.—As we feared, says the *Picayune* of Thursday, the strength of the piles driven in the Bell crevasse have proved too weak to resist the pressure of the waters. A large log of driftwood, coming within the influence of the current running through the break in the levee, was swept down against the piles yesterday, in the evening, and about fifty feet is reported to have given way, the piles floating away into the swamp. The operatives upon the work are said not to be discouraged by this mishap, but those who have been closely observant of the work doubt the success of the effort to close the crevasse before the fall of the water in the river.

High Water in Panola.—The Panola (Miss.) Star says that the Tallahatchie river was up to the highest known water-mark, last week, and has done immense damage. The levee at Panola broke and something like a hundred feet of embankment washed out. Some of the bridges on the crossing at Belmont, have been washed away. There is no other mode of crossing, but by canoes, up to this time, as the waters are still too high to admit repairs. There is scarcely a farm in the county that has not been damaged. The small streams rose rapidly and overflowed their banks in a few hours washing away fences, and in many places whole fields of cotton and corn.

That 'mean low vice.'—It is well known that General Washington had an utter abhorence of what he called '*the foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing*,' and did his utmost to suppress it among both officers and soldiers. In the conclusion of one of his reproofs, after speaking of its 'impiety he adds: It is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character, detests and despises it.' Would that the same views of it were taken by all other men in high position and power!—*Southern Presbyterian.*

Dogs Having their "Day."—The legislature of Louisiana has passed the following act:

An Act declaring dogs to be personal property.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana in General Assembly convened*: That from and after the passage of this act, all dogs owned by citizens of this State shall and are hereby declared to be personal property of such citizens, and shall be placed on the same footing, and under the same guarantee of law as all other effects and property now legally declared to be personal property.

A Quaker had his broad brimmed hat blown off, and he chased it for a long time with fruitless and very ridiculous zeal. At last, seeing a roguish looking boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him—"Art thee a profane lad?" The youngster replied that he some times did a little in that way. "Then," said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "thee may damn yonder fleeing tile fifty cents worth."

French Industry.—The productive industry of France is estimated at nearly three thousand millions of francs, annually. Cotton manufactures forming one-sixth of this, woolen the next in importance, third hemp and flax, fourth leather, and fifth silk.

Miss Ridgway, daughter of Mr. John Ridgway, of Philadelphia, and the heiress to an estate valued at three millions, was recently married, with great pomp, to a Frenchman, at Paris.